

Ectolic Crystals. . .

If I had been the Soothing Rain;
I would have sturred down the fields.
As a blis to the world
And a kiss to the blooms.

From the clouds,
Therough the air,
I would skip and skim,
shatter and batter
into the ground.
Embracing the flowers,
Enchanting for the mothers.
Relishing the happiness of life
And relocating along the world.

I offer a lye,
when the rainbow lie.
I leave with a sigh,
and she comes with a 'Hai!'

By: Nafisa Nazim
IX.B